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AUTHOR: AUSONIUS, DECIMUS MAGNUS

TITLE: MOSELLA OF DECIMUS MAGNUS...

PLACE: LONDON

DATE: [c1914?]

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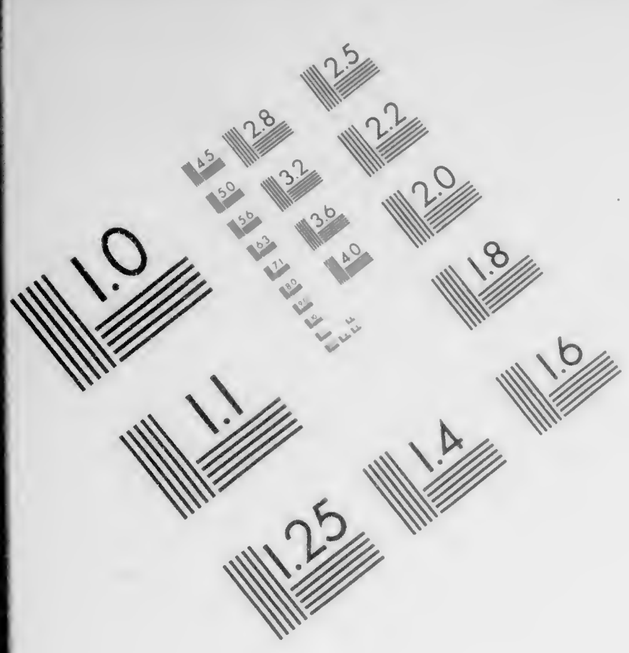

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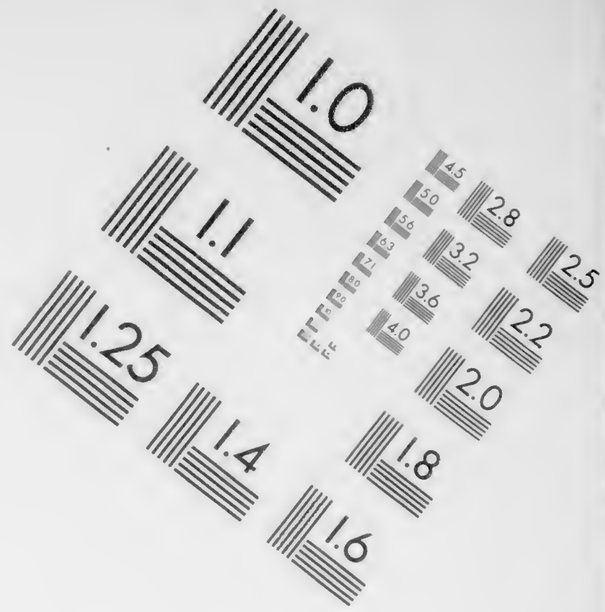

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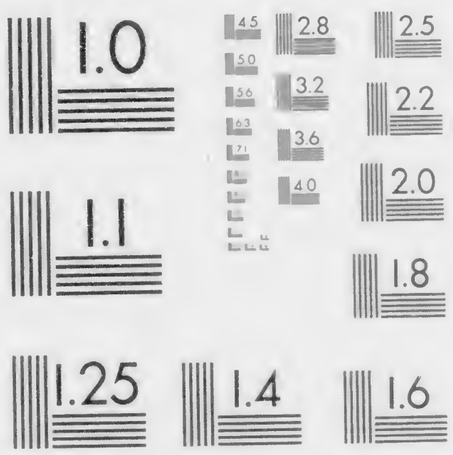

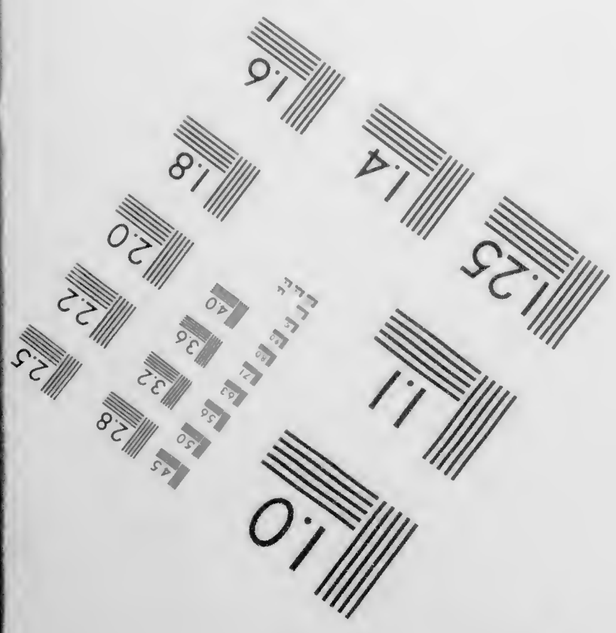

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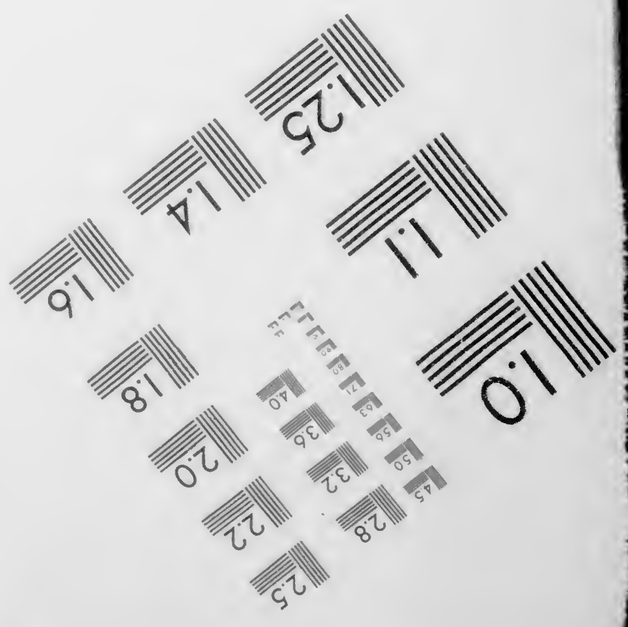

87Au9 P2

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The Poets' Translation Series. No. 6. 6d. net.

THE MOSELLA OF DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS

TRANSLATED BY F. S. FLINT

[Decimus Magnus Ausonius was born at Burdigala (Bordeaux) about the year 309. He was educated as a rhetorician; practised law; and afterwards became a professor of grammar an rhetoric. Chosen by the Emperor Valentinian as tutor for hi. son Gratian, he was successful both as teacher and courtier, being made count and quaestor by Valentinian, and, after the latter's death, prefect of Africa and Italy, and next of Gaul, y Gratian, who, in the year 379, nominated him to the highest possible honour, that of consul. On the death of Gratian in 383, Ausonius retired to Bordeaux, where, having immediately thrown off his court Christianity (a Christianity which had led him to celebrate Valentinian, Valens, the co-emperor, and Gratian as Father, Son and Holy Ghost!), he died a pagan about the year 390. Ausonius was famous among his contemporaries both as a teacher and as a poet; but he lived in a difficult age for poets. Heyne said of him: "*Versificatoris nomen ei concesseris, non poetae*"; Bayle: "*. . . s'il avait vécu au temps d'Auguste, ses vers eussent égalé les plus achevés de ce temps-là*"; de Gourmont (of the *Mosella*): "*Ce petit poème est lumineux et transparent comme le fleuve lui-même. . . .*" The *Mosella*, written at a time when the seat of the Roman Empire was at Treves on the Moselle, is his most famous work; it has been translated many times into French and German. This is the first English translation, it appears.]

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I HAD crossed the dark flood of the swift Nava (Nahe), and admired the new walls added to ancient Vincum (Bingen), where, long ago, Gaul suffered a defeat equal to that of the Romans at Cannae, and where the troops of the dead lie in the fields unwept and unhonoured. Thence, entering a lonely path through a deserted wooded country, where can be seen no trace of human cultivation, I pass by arid Dumnissus, with thirsty lands on all sides, and Tabernae (Berncastel) watered by a perpetual fountain, and the fields once laid out by Sarmatian settlers. At length, near the boundaries of the Belgae, I come in sight of Noiomagum (Neumagen), the renowned camp of divine Constantinus. In these plains the air is purer, and Phoebus, now cloudless, opens glittering Olympus with his untroubled light. The heavens are no longer shut out by a green gloom and to be sought in the tangle of intertwining branches; and the free air of bright day does not begrudge to the beholder a clear radiance and a dazzling sky. Everything moved me in this charming scene by its resemblance to the splendour of shining Burdigala (Bordeaux), my native land: the tops of the villas standing out above the overhanging banks, the hills green with vines, and the pleasant waters of the Mosella flowing beneath with a muted murmur.

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P 2

Hail! river praised both by fields and settlers, to which the Belgae owe ramparts considered worthy by the emperors, river whose slopes are planted with vines yielding a perfumed wine, most green river, whose banks are covered with grasses! Navigable like the sea, your waters are borne down like a river's; by your glassy deeps you resemble a lake; by your rippling stream you may be likened to a brook; and by the purity of the drinking-water you supply you surpass the cold springs: you alone have all the excellencies of spring and stream and river and lake and of the sea that by its ebb and flow makes a double path. Your peaceful waters glide by without suffering either the roar of the wind or the conflict of hidden rocks. You are not driven by whirling rapids to hasten your course; you have no islands rising in mid-stream to stay your waters, and, dividing them and turning them aside, to rob you of the honour of a well-deserved name. Fate has given you two waterways: one when you flow down with a favourable current and the swift oars strike and churn the waters, and the other when the sailors, towing their barge along the banks without stopping, strain on the mast-ropes with which they are yoked. How often have you wondered at the reverse current in your stream and have thought its natural flow perhaps more sluggish because of it. You do not sow your banks with marsh-weeds, nor lazily overflow your shores with filthy mire; a

man may approach dry-shod to the edge of your waters.

Go now and incrust a smooth soil with Phrygian inlay; spread out a plain of marble in your panelled halls: for my part, despising those things which wealth and fortune give, I will admire the works of nature, which are unheeded by spendthrifts, who, rejoicing in ruin, run riot into beggary. Here the wet shores are covered by firm sand, in which the feet leave no imprint of their form. Through your smooth surface can be seen your transparent depths: O river, you have no secrets: as the sweet air lies open to the clear gaze, and the still winds offer no hindrance to the eyes through space, so, our sight reaching into the intimate recesses of the river, we behold, far down, its sunken life; and, as the stream flows gently by, the inmost heart of its silent depths lies open to us, and in the blue light of the clear, gliding waters are revealed scattered forms: here, the sand is furrowed, ridged by the light waves; and there, the water-grasses tremble, bending over the green bottom; underneath the waters of their birth, the quivering plants suffer the movement of the stream; the pebbles shine, and then hide; and the gravel serves as a foil to the green moss. All along the coast of the Britons of Caledonia may be seen the like, when the ebb-tide leaves bare the green seaweed, the red coral and the white pearls, seeds of the shells, the delight of men; and these,

beneath the rich waves, resemble the necklaces of our finery. In the same way, beneath the happy waters of the peaceful Mosella, the weeds by their different colour show up the pebbles mingled with them.

The slippery shoals of fishes at play among themselves tire the attentive eyes with their continual maze. But how many species there are swimming in slanting paths, and what armies of them pass up the stream, their names, and the number of the children of this great race, I must not say: he to whom fell the care of the second lot and the guardianship of the sea-trident does not allow it.

O Naiad, dweller of the river-banks, describe to me the hosts of the scaly tribes, speak to me of these hordes of fishes swimming in the liquid bed of the blue river.

The scaly bullhead shines in the grass-covered sand: its flesh is very tender, and is closely set with bones; it will not keep more than six hours for the table. Then there is the trout, whose back is starred with purple spots; the loach, which has no pointed spine to harm with, and the light grayling, baffling the eyes with its swift passage. And you, O barbel, after being tossed in the narrow mouths of the crooked Saravus (Saar), where its six branches chafe against the rocky piles of a bridge, when you slipped into the more famous river, you were freer and enjoyed a wide range for your wanderings.

You taste better in your worst years; and it falls to you of all breathing creatures to be praised in age. Nor must I pass you over, O salmon, whose flesh gleams scarlet: the sudden lashes of your broad tail are borne up in ripples from the bottom to the surface of the stream, and your hidden strokes are betrayed in the calm waters. Your breast is clad in an armour of scales; your head is smooth: and you are a fit dish for feasts where choice is difficult; you will bear a long wait without going bad; the spots on your head mark you out; and your prodigious belly shakes and quivers with the weight of your fat sides. And you who, in Illyria, in the waters of the double-named Hister (Danube), are caught by your track of floating foam, O burbot, you visit our river, so that the wide Mosella may not be defrauded of such a far-famed guest. With what colours has nature painted you! Black spots cover the upper part of your back, each surrounded by a yellow half-circle; your slippery body is dyed a dark blue colour: up to the middle, you are fat; thence to the end of your tail, you have a dry, rough skin. Nor shall I be silent about you, O perch, delight of the table, fresh-water fish worthy of the sea-fish, alone fit to compare with the red mullet; for you are not insipid to the taste; the parts of your firm body are in united segments separated by bones. This fish, too, with the laughable Latin name, the *Lucius* (pike), the pond-dweller and

violent enemy of the plaintive frogs, haunts the pools dark with sedge. Never chosen for table use, it is boiled in smoky cookshops that reek with its fetid steam. Who does not know the green tench, the comfort of the vulgar, and the bleak, the prey of children's hooks, and the shad, that hisses on the fire, a favourite dish of the people? And you who of two species are neither and both, who are not yet salmon and no longer trout, and who, holding place between the two, O salmon-trout, are caught at an intermediate age? You also must be mentioned among the river-armies, O gudgeon, who are no larger than two thumbless hands, but very fat and round, and bigger with your egg-laden belly. O gudgeon, you have counterfeited the hanging beard of the barbel. You, now, shall be celebrated, great silurus, sea animal: your body seems smeared with Attic oil; I think of you as the dolphin of the river: so grandly do you glide through the water, and, in the shallows or the river's weeds, you move with difficulty and weariness the curves of your long body. But when you urge your quiet way in the stream, the green banks, the blue crowd of fishes, the clear waters wonder at you: the surging waters swell in their bed, and the last waves lap at the river's edge. So in the deep Atlantic the whale is sometimes driven by the wind or its own motion towards the shore; the sea is thrust aside, great waves rise up, and the neighbouring hills fear to

seem smaller because of them. But this gentle whale of our Mosella, far from bringing ruin, adds but the more honour to the river.

But we have looked long enough at the waterways and the gliding shoals of fishes; we have counted their many bands long enough. Let the spectacle of the vines show us other splendours, and the gifts of Bacchus entice our wandering eyes to where a lofty peak in a long range of steep hills, and rocks, and sunny ridges with their folds and windings mount up, clad with vines, into a natural amphitheatre. Thus a ripe vintage covers Mount Gaurus and the Rhodope, and the Pangaeus gleams with its grapes; thus the hill of Ismarus grows green above the sea of Thrace; thus my vineyards paint the golden Garumna (Garonne). Indeed, the margin of the river is joined by the green vine to the highest ridges of the hills that stretch far as the eye can see. The labourers happy at their work and the hastening husbandmen make all speed, now on the highest summit, now on the rolling sides of the hill, striving with clownish shouts. The traveller on the road by the river-side and the boatman on the waters sing out abuse to the backward vine-dressers: the rocks, the quivering woods, and the hollow river resound with their voices.

Nor are men alone delighted by these scenes: here, I am willing to believe, rural Satyrs and

Naiades with sea-green eyes run together on the banks when a glad wantonness drives on the goat-footed Pans, and they jump about in the stream, and, beating the surface with wayward blows, frighten their trembling sisters beneath the waters. Often, too, the river-nymph, Panope, after having stolen grapes from the hill-slopes, hides among the friendly Oreades from the lecherous Fauns, the village-deities. And it is said that, when the golden sun stops in middle course, the Satyrs and their gleaming sister-partners perform choral dances by the river which they share, the violent heat affording hours free from the chance of meeting men. Then, leaping into the river which is theirs, the Nymphs play, and thrusting the Satyrs beneath the waters, escape from the hands of these inexpert swimmers, who, ever at fault, grasp at slippery limbs, and, instead of bodies, clasp the clear waves.

But of these things witnessed by none and unknown to sight of men let me be permitted to say no more than this, and let respect cover and hide the mysteries entrusted to the river. But we may openly enjoy the spectacle when the blue-grey river reflects the shadowing hill, and the waters seem to put on leaves and to be planted with vines. What is this colour of the stream when Hesperus drives before him the shadows of evening, and fills the Mosella with a green mountain! The hillsides all float tremulously in the ripples, and the distant

vine-branches quiver, and the grapes swell in the clear waters. The boatman, the sport of an illusion, counts the green vine-stems: the boatman who, in his skiff hollowed from the trunk of a tree, floats in mid-stream where the image of the hill mingles with the river and the river joins the boundaries of the shades.

How pleasant, too, is the sight of the games when the oar-driven boats race one another in the middle of the river, making many curves, and skimming the vegetation growing up again on the green banks in the mown meadows! The nimble masters dance on bow and stern; and, while you watch these bands of young men at play on the river, the day passes; you prefer their games to your more serious affairs; and a new pleasure drives away old cares. On games such as these in the sea of Cumae, Bacchus, wandering along the vine-clad tops of sulphureous Gaurus or through the vineyards of smoking Vesuvius, looks down, when Venus, overjoyed with the triumphs of Augustus at Actium, has ordered the wanton Cupids to mimic the fierce battles which the fleets of the Nile and the Latin triremes waged under the walls of Leucas, dedicated to Apollo. Such, too, are the games in which the boats of Euboea repeat on the roaring Avernus the manœuvres that led to the defeat of Pompey off Mylas; the shocks and fighting of these ships being a harmless jest, an imitation battle held in sight of

Sicilian Pelorus, and reflected as a green image in the blue sea. A like joyous aspect is given to these lively young men by their youth, the river and the painted prows of their boats. When the sun, high overhead, bathes the sailors with light and heat, he reproduces their forms in the crystal depths, showing a foreshortened image of their figures upside down. And as their quick movements are multiplied right and left, as in the change of oars they take their turns at the work, the stream throws back the wet image of other sailors. The young boatmen take pleasure in their reflexion, and admire these deceitful shapes formed in the river. In the same way, when a foster-mother first brings her dear nursling to the dazzling splendour of a far-shining mirror, in which she may be shown her neatly arranged hair, the laughing child enjoys the new game, and thinks she is looking at the likeness of a sister; she kisses the glittering, unresponsive metal, or attempts to touch the pins she sees fixed; or strives to pull the curls dangling over the fore-head of her image. Thus the young boatmen, watching the play of their reflexions, enjoy these shapes that hover between the true and the false.

But where the bank permits of easy access to the river, a crowd of destructive people seeks in the depths the fishes, ill-defended, alas! in their watery hiding-places. One, dragging his dripping nets far off in mid-stream, sweeps the shoals of fishes into

his knotted toils. Another, where the river glides by in quiet volume, controls nets that float with cork markers. Another still, having cast his hooks covered with deadly bait, leans from the rocks over the waters, and watches the arching curve of the end of his flexible rod. Immediately the wandering crowd of fishes, unconscious of snares, has attacked the hooks with gaping jaws, the gasping throats feel deep down too late the wound from the hidden point. By their struggles the fishes are betrayed; and the shaking rod answers to the sharp jerks of the quivering line. Without delay the dexterous boy snatches up his rod and strikes; his prey whistles in an oblique curve through the air, which responds to the shock as the breeze resounds and the wind hisses with the displaced air when whips are cracked. The dank booty writhes on the dry rocks, fearing the deadly beams of the light of day. In its river the fish preserved its strength; but panting in our air, it consumes its life lingeringly. Its languid body is now shaken only by nerveless throbs; the limp tail gives its last quivers; the jaws remain open; and the gills, breathing out their dying breath, yield up the air they inhaled in opening. Thus, too, when the air plays on the fire in the smithy, the woollen valve working in the cavity of the beechen bellows receives and expels the wind by alternately opening and shutting the aperture. However, I have seen fishes quivering on the point

of death collect their strength, and, leaping suddenly into the air, plunge headlong into the river beneath, masters once more of the waters they had thought to have lost for ever. And the unthinking boy, enraged at this loss, rushes down from the rocks, and foolishly tries to recapture them by swimming after them. Thus Glaucus of Anthedon, a fisher in the seas of Boeotia, after having tasted the deadly grasses of Circe, took of the herbs eaten by dying fishes, and, jumping into the Carpathian Sea, became a new dweller therein. He who was mighty with hook and net, the explorer of the secret places of Nereus, he who used to sweep the waters of the sea-goddess, Tethys, now floated among the bands of fishes which were once his prey.

Such are the scenes along the blue course of the Mosella looked down upon by the villas that cling to the summits of the rocks overhanging the wandering river, which passes between them with its winding curves and separates them; on both sides country houses adorn the banks.

Who now admires the sea of Sestos, the waters of Helle, daughter of Nephele, or the strait of the youth of Abydos? Who admires that sea (the Bosphorus) covered with a bridge of boats, the work of a great king (Darius), from the Chalcedonian shore, where the waters of a strait prevent the lands of Europe and of Asia from coming together? Here are no wild furies of the sea, no cruel battles of the

winds. Here you may carry on speech from one bank to the other, and, speaking in turns, exchange conversation. These pleasant shores mingle the greeting of voices, voices and almost hands: the words resounding on both sides are repeated by the echoes that meet in the middle of the river.

In describing these innumerable splendours and scenes, who can do justice to the architectural beauties of each of these estates? The winged Cretan, Daedalus, the builder of the temple at Cumae, who was overcome by a father's sorrow when trying to work in gold the fall of Icarus, would not despise these works; nor the Athenian, Philo; nor he who, praised by the enemy themselves (Archimedes), protracted the noble struggles of the Syracusan war. Perhaps these masterpieces of human labour were designed by the seven architects celebrated in the tenth volume of Varro; here has flourished the art of famous Metagenis, and has been seen the hand of Ephesus, and Ictinus, who placed in the citadel of Minerva an owl smeared with a magic dye, which attracts all kinds of birds and kills them with a look. Here, perhaps, has been the architect of the palace of the Ptolemaei, Dinochares, whose four walls, rising to their pointed summit, form a pyramid consuming its own shadow. He, having once been ordered to commemorate the bonds of an incestuous love, suspended the image of Arsinoe in air in the temple at Pharos. For the

influence of a blue loadstone in the arch of the roof, attracting the young woman by means of an iron hair, lifted her from the ground.

It is worthy of belief that these artists or their equals traced out on the soil of the Belgae the plan of these houses, and built these villas, the ornaments of the river. One of them is high up on a mass of rocks; another is placed on a jutting point of the bank; a third is withdrawn, and claims as its own a small bay of the river. Still another, on a hill overlooking a long stretch of the river, has an uninterrupted view over the cultivated fields and the wild heaths, and the happy man who from this house contemplates the country enjoys it as if it were his own. Moreover, the house which is built on a low-lying soil in meadows overflowed by the river has a compensation for the natural advantages of the high hill in the lofty roof which it thrusts threateningly into the air, displaying proudly its high tower, like Pharos in the country of Memphis. To this other house belongs the right to take all fish caught in the weirs between the rocks, whose cultivated plateaux lie open to the sun. Another villa, placed on the summits of the hills, beholds only through a thick mist the river flowing below. Shall I recall all those mansions standing in the green meadows, all those roofs resting on innumerable columns? Or the baths built on the river-bank, which steam when Vulcan, deep down in their

burning bowels, breathes the rolling flames into the channels of the white-washed walls, and collects the imprisoned vapour to belch it forth? I have seen bathers, wearied with much sweating in the bath, disdain the basins and the cool tanks to enjoy the running water, and, soon refreshed by the river, beat the cold waves in the delight of swimming. If a stranger were to come here from the Cumaean coast, he would believe that the country had been endowed with a smaller Baiae, so great is its beauty and attractive its charm; and the pleasure it gives leads to no extravagance.

But when shall I cease to sing of your blue-grey waters, or to recall, O Mosella, that you are comparable to the sea, since innumerable rivers flow into you by different mouths all along your course? Although they could turn aside, yet they hurry to lose their name in you. For the Sura (Sauer), swollen by the Promea (Pruem) and the Nemesa (Nims), not unworthily hastens to pour its waters into yours; the Sura, which thus presents to you the rivers it has intercepted, deems it a nobler thing to be mingled with you than to find its way to Father Ocean by a mouth of its own which none would know. The rapid Celbis (Kyll) and the Erubris (Ruwer), celebrated for its marble, press on to be the first to touch you with their attendant waters; the Celbis is renowned for its fishes; and the other river, which twists the millstones in a

headlong whirl, and drags the whirring saws through the smooth marble, hears a perpetual noise from both its banks. I pass over the little Lesura (Lieser) and the slight Drahonus (Thron); nor shall I notice the miserable Salmona (Salm); the Saravus (Saar), a navigable river with a sonorous mass of water, has long been calling to me with all its charms. This river leads its waters afar until it pours them wearily into the Mosella beneath the walls of one of the palaces of Augustus. Not less important is the happy Alisontia (Elz), which, gliding silently between fat meadows, laps at its fertile banks. A thousand others, each according to its haste, prove their desire to become yours. Such are the character and ambition of these hurrying waters. If, divine Mosella, Smyrna or renowned Mantua had given you your poet, the Simois, which was celebrated on the Ilion shores, would give way to you, and Tiber would not dare to prefer its honours to yours. Forgive me, O powerful Rome! Let envy, I pray, be hounded hence! And Nemesis, O name unknown to the Latin tongue, protect the present seat of the Empire and Rome, its mother!

Hail, Mosella, great mother of harvests and men! Noble princes, young men trained in war, and an eloquence rivalling that of the orators of Latium are your glories. Moreover, nature has granted to your children good manners, a happy wit, and a

smiling brow. Rome is not alone in its display of ancient Catos; and Aristides, the honour of old Athens, is not the only man reputed for his observance of justice and equity.

But why do I, like one who, having given the rein to his horses, is carried too far, weaken your praise by excess, overcome by my affection for you? Lay down the lyre, O Muse; its strings are sounding with the end of my song. A time will come when I shall soothe my cares in the studies of an inglorious leisure, and shall cherish the sunny hours of my decay: then I shall gain honour from the nobility of this subject, singing the deeds of the Belgae, man by man, and their customs, handed down from father to son, which are their especial glory. The Pierian maids will weave me pleasant poems of fine thread; they will cross the weft with a dainty warp; purple, too, will be given to our spindles. Who, then, will be left unsung? I will commemorate the peaceful husbandmen, those learned in law, the eloquent pleaders, eminent protectors of defendants; those whom the Curia of the towns has seen, as the supreme leaders of their fellow-citizens, forming their own Senate; those whose eloquence, renowned in the schools for young men who wear the praetexta, has raised them to the fame of old Quintilian; those who have administered their own towns, and have adorned a bench unsullied with blood and cruel axes; those who, as lieutenants of

the prefects, have governed the peoples of Italy and the Northern Britons; and, finally, that man who administered Rome, the capital of the world, its people and its senators. Although equal to the first, he was not first in name; but Fortune at length hastens to repair her error, and, making good the rewards he has scarcely tasted, she will raise him to the summit of true honour, which will be passed on to his noble descendants. But now let the work already begun be finished, and the praise of the men deferred; let us sing the fertile river and its happy course through the green countryside; let us consecrate it to the waters of the Rhine.

Open now, O Rhine, your blue folds and your bright green robe; measure a space large enough for this new river, which will fill you with its sisterly waters. Nor are its waters its only gift, for it has passed by the walls of the city of Augustus (Treves), and has seen the joint triumphs of father and son, after they had beaten the enemy on the Nicer (Neckar), at Lupodunum, and at the Hister's source, which is unknown to the annals of Latium. The letter crowned with laurels announcing the successful end of the war has just arrived; the Mosella will bring you others and still others. Continue now together, and push back the dark sea with your double current. O most lovely Rhine, do not fear that you will seem overshadowed. Your guest should awaken no jealousy. O mistress of an

eternal name, adopt your sister; your renown is secure. Rich in waters, rich in Nymphs, your bed, prodigal to both of you, will enlarge, separating your two banks more and more, and, finally, will pour your common stream by different mouths into the sea. The Franci, the Chamaves, the Germani will tremble at your joint forces: you will then, indeed, be looked upon as the true barrier of the Empire. Your tributary, being so great, will cause you to be given a name which shows that you are double, and, although you flow single from your source, you will be called two-horned.

These are the themes which I, who spring from the race of Vivisci, who am known to the Belgae by old ties of hospitality, who have a Latin name, Ausonius, and whose country and home lie between the extremity of Gaul and the lofty Pyrenees, where happy Aquitania softens primitive manners—these are the themes which I dare to sing on my feeble lyre. May it be lawful for me to have approached this holy river with my poor offering of verse. I do not seek fame: I ask forgiveness. There are many, most gracious river, who are wont to draw on the sacred streams of Aonia and to drain all the Aganippe for you. But, for my part, when the Augusti, father and son, my most anxious care, have dismissed me, after having decorated me with the Italian fasces and the curule honour in token of the termination of my long service as tutor, I will

return to Burdigala, my country and the retreat of my old age, and, in so far as my poetic vein will permit, I will pursue more amply the praise of this northern river. I will mention those towns beneath which glides your silent stream, and the fortresses which contemplate you from their ancient walls; I will mention those strongholds built as a protection against dangers, which no longer serve as entrenched camps but as granaries for the Belgae; I will mention the happy husbandmen on both sides of the river; and you, between the lands ploughed by men and oxen, lapping at the banks, and dividing the fat tilths. The Liger (Loire) cannot esteem itself greater than you, nor the swift Axona (Aisne), nor the Matrona (Marne), which is set between the Gauls and the Belgae as a boundary, nor the Carantonus itself (Charente), which flows back with the tide from Santones (Saintonge). You also must give way, O Duranius (Dordogne), who roll down from a frozen mountain. And Gaul will place the gold-bearing Tarnis (Tarn) after you, O Mosella; and that mad river rushing over rocks which it rolls far out, the Aturrus (Adour) of the Tarbelli, will not enter the dark sea without having worshipped the divinity of the Mosella, its sovereign-mistress.

O horned Mosella, you who should be praised in foreign countries, and not only in those places where, from your lofty source, you thrust forth the

golden splendour of your bull's head; or where you pursue tranquilly your winding course through the fields; or where your mouth is, in the ports of Germania: if any merit will inspire my feeble Muse, if anyone deem my verses worthy to waste his leisure on, you will live in the mouths of men, and will be cherished for my fortunate song. You will be known to the springs and the pools of running water, and the blue rivers, and the old sacred groves, the pride of the countryside. You will be worshipped by the Druna (Drôme) and the Druentia (Durance) with its changing course, and the Alpine rivers, and the Rhodanus (Rhône), which flows through a double town and gives its name to its right bank. I will praise you to the blue ponds and to the rivers which roar with a great noise; I will praise you to the sea-like Garumna.

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